

DELL

MAY-JUNE

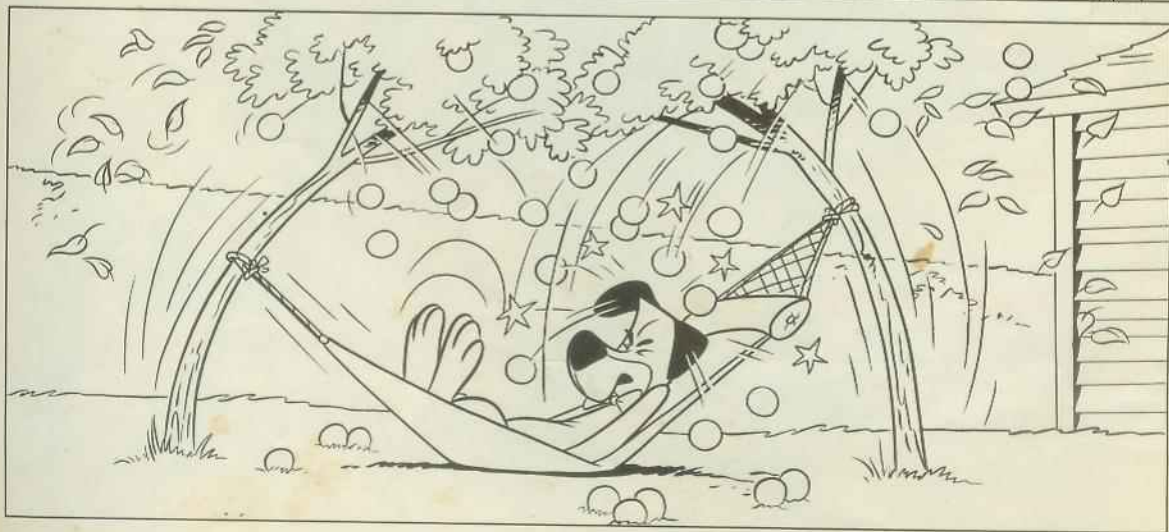
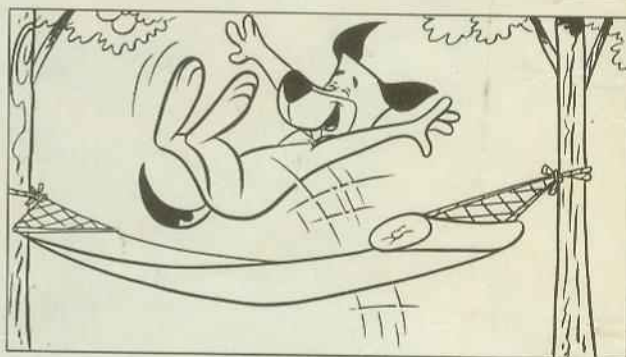
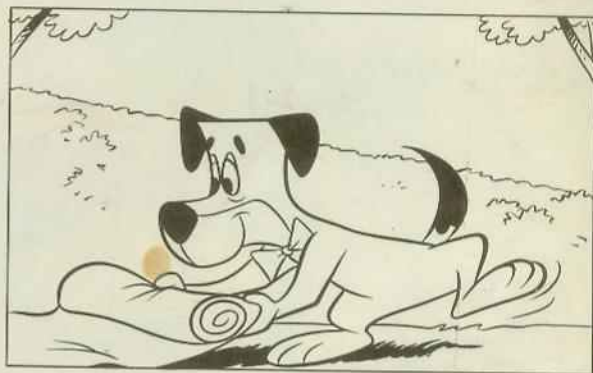
Still 10¢

Huckleberry Hound

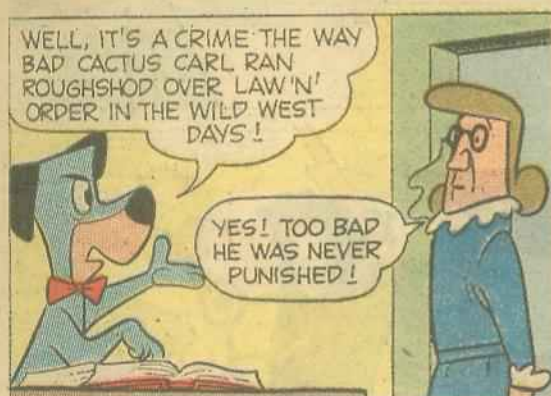


HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

WEAK IN THE TREES



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND TIME JUMPER



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND, No. 5, May-June, 1960. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President; Advertising Director: Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. Application for second-class entry pending at the Post Office at New York, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions and Canada 60c per year. Subscriptions for Pan-American and foreign countries \$1.10 per year. Dell Subscription Service: 321 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1960, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

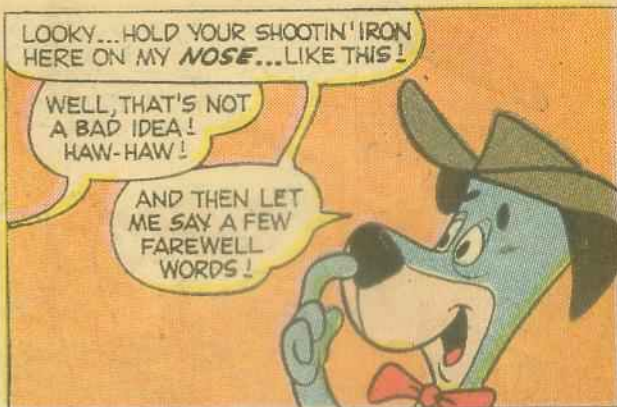
This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

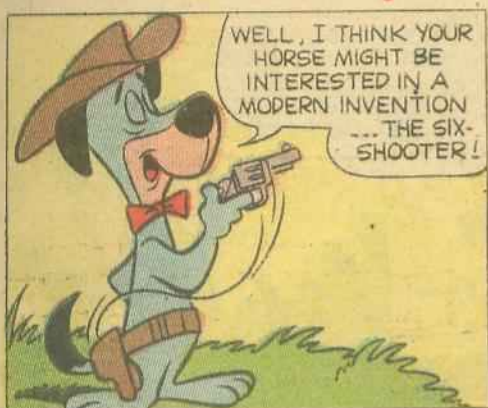




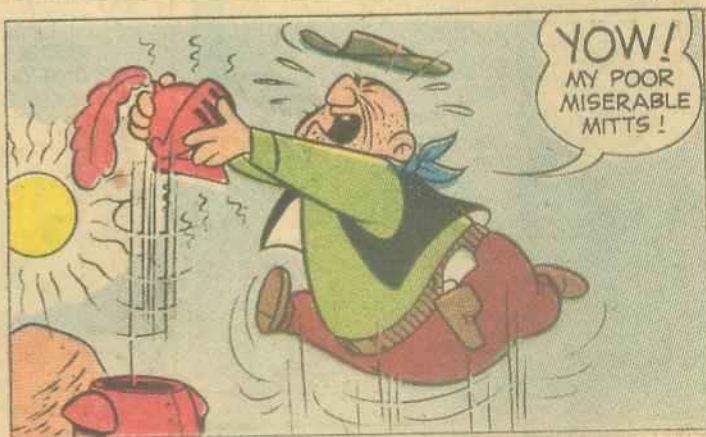
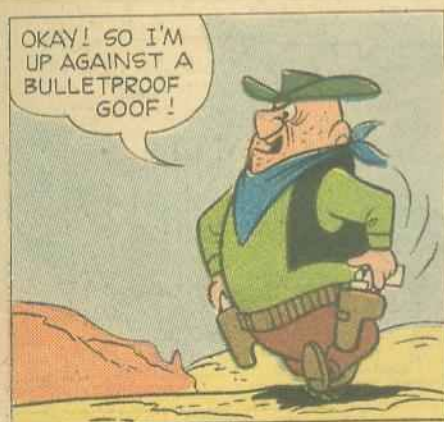
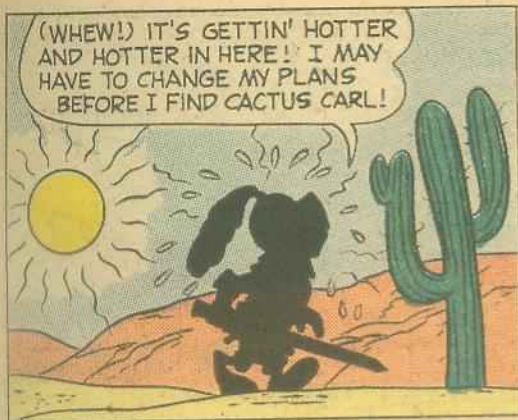


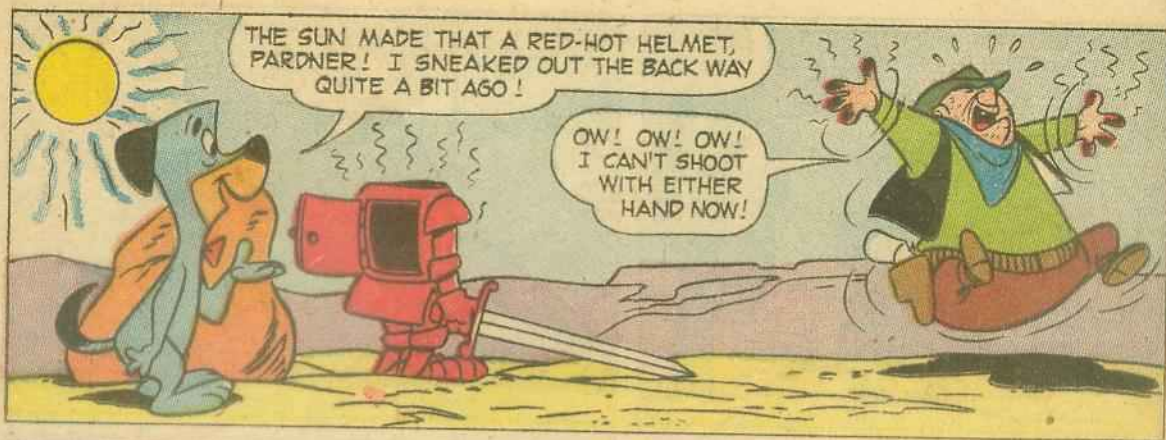












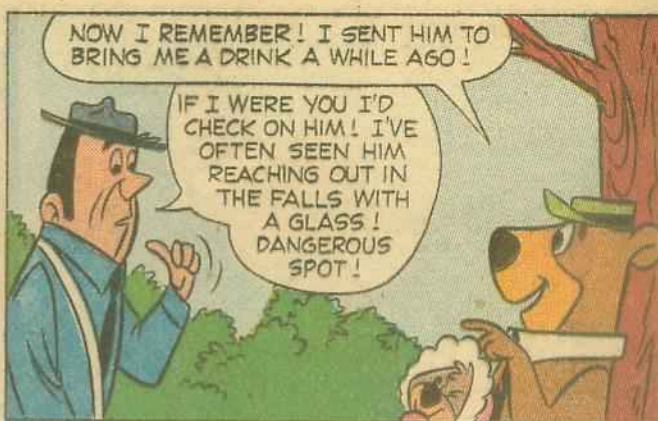
YOGI
BEAR

ROCK-A-BYE BOO BOO















YAY! I LATCHED ONTO ONE OF THOSE GIANT TROUT THAT ARE ALWAYS SWIMMING UPSTREAM!



GOSH! THEY MUST BE POWERFUL FISH TO SWIM UP THAT STREAM!

HMM! I GOTTA HOT IDEA, YOGI!



BZZ...
BZZ...
BZZ...

HMM! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



I WANNA CATCH A FISH, TOO, DADDY!

NO, NO, SON... YOU'RE TOO TEENSY!



IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO HOLD ONTO A GIANT TROUT, SON!

YOU CAN CUT THE SON STUFF, BIG BOY! I'M A GROWN BEAR FROM OVER YONDER!



HURRY, BOO BOO! I GOT A BITE!



SO LONG, BIG SHOT... WE'RE GOING HOME BY TROUT EXPRESS!

IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE A GROWN-UP ... GRRR!



So...

(GLUB!) HOW WE DOIN', BOO BOO?

LET GO, YOGI! WE'VE MADE IT!





One bright sunny morning Biddu Buddy sat motionless on the bank of his pond and gazed at his reflection in the water. "Wak!" He addressed his image. "I know you. You're me."

As he was cocking his head to see if he could trick his image into moving the wrong way, another face loomed up beside his.

"Wak, and double wak!" squawked the duckling. "I know you. You're a fox!"

Before the fox could move, Biddu Buddy dove into the water and swam to the bottom.

The fox quickly recovered from his surprise and plunged into the water, too.

"Hey, Biddu Buddy, old pal," he called, "why are you skedoodling? Don't think that just because we foxes have been known to have an occasional duck for dinner that I'd hunt an itty bitty fellow like you. Heh, heh, heh! I just want to play."

Under the water, Biddu Buddy heard the sly fox's doubtful story. "He's not fooling me one teensy weensy bit," he thought to himself. "I'll just swim over to that bunch of lily pads and hide until he goes away."

The fox searched for Biddu Buddy, swimming this way and that. Finally he scrambled up on shore once again.

He paced back and forth along the bank of the pond, his keen eyes searching the half-exposed sunken logs and other likely-looking hiding places in the water.

Suddenly he stopped, a scheming gleam shining in his eyes. Looking up at the sky, he called loudly, "Oh, my! Here comes a flock of big ducks. I'd better get out of here before they swoop down and start pecking at me to drive me away."

From his hiding place among the lily pads, Biddu Buddy couldn't resist raising up a bit

in order to look up at the sky, too.

Catching the slight movement with his sharp eyes, the fox immediately leaped into the middle of the lily pads and snatched Biddu Buddy up in his mouth.

"Put me down, you big bully!" Biddu Buddy stormed, angered at being tricked so easily. "Let me go this instant."

"Mm-oh, mm-no," the fox mumbled from between clenched teeth as he swam for shore.

"If you don't put me down, I'll peck you good and hard," Biddu Buddy vowed stoutly.

"Um-um-um!" the fox giggled, trotting through the woods. "Mm-you mm-can't mm-reach mm-me!"

"Look," Biddu Buddy said, suddenly changing his tactics, "I know where a tiny duck plays under a bush by my pond."

"Hmm," the fox thought, "why mess around with only one duck, when I can get two?"

The fox urged Biddu to show him where the bush was located, and Biddu directed him to his pond and pointed out a particularly thick bramble bush.

"If you'll put me down," Biddu whispered, "I'll sneak under the bush and see if he's there. I promise you I won't go any farther than two feet away."

"Well, okay," the fox said as he released Biddu, "but remember, I'm faster than you, so you can't get away."

Biddu nodded and then walked calmly under the bush. "I'm two feet away from you now," he called, "and guess what? The duck who plays under here sometimes is me, and the bush is too thick for you to get into to reach me. Wak, wak!" he giggled. "They ought to change that old expression, 'as cunning as a fox,' to 'as cunning as a duck'."

PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS JAM SESSION

I'VE GOT TO WORK OUT SOME
NEW SOUNDS FOR MY FRANTIC
FELINE COMBO, TODAY!

HEY, JINKSY!
CUT THE
RACKET!

RATTATAT!
BAM!

HE'S MAKING
TOO MUCH NOISE
TO HEAR YOU,
DIXIE!

I KNOW,
PIXIE...

I'LL HAVE TO YELL
IN HIS EAR!

CRASH!

HEY!

DIDN'T GET
A CHANCE
TO YELL!

THOMP!
THOMP!
THOMP!

SAY, THAT
THOOMP'S
NOT BAD!

I'LL TRY BOUNCING
'EM **BOTH** ON THE
DRUM!









HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND

THE HELPLESS HELPER

TRAFFIC! SMOG! NOISE!
THERE COMES A TIME IN
EVERY HOUND'S LIFE WHEN
HE JUST CAN'T TAKE THE
CITY ANY MORE! (COFF, COFF!)

ROAR!
BEEP
BEEP!
BRRRAAT!

I KNOW A NICE LI'L PATCH OF
WOODS WAY OUT IN THE
COUNTRY WHERE I CAN
RELAX IN PEACE AND
QUIET, WITH NOTHING
NOR NOBODY TO
BOTHER ME!

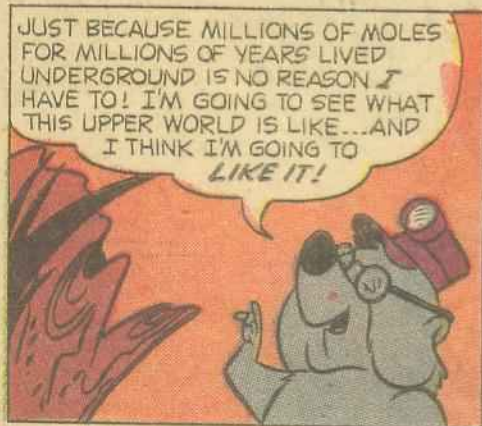
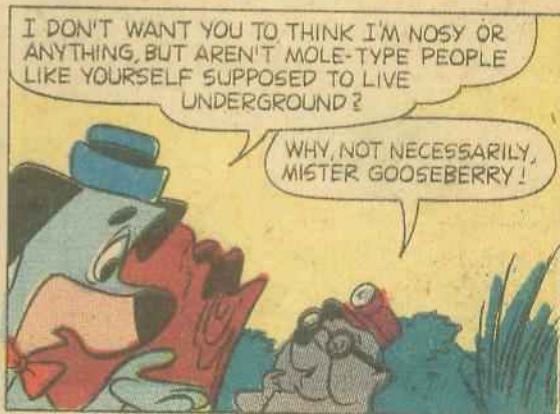
SHORTLY... MMM... IT'S SURE GOOD TO GET
AWAY FROM THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE
OF THE CITY AND JUST STRETCH OUT ON THE NICE
SOFT GRASS AND WATCH THE
BUTTERFLIES FLUTTER BY!

BOY, THIS OL' GRASS SURE IS
GROWING FAST! I CAN FEEL
IT PUSHING AGAINST MY
SPINE BONE!

GEE WHILLIKERS, THIS GRASS IS GROWING
TOO FAST FOR COMFORT! I'M BEING
PUSHED RIGHT OFF THE GROUND!

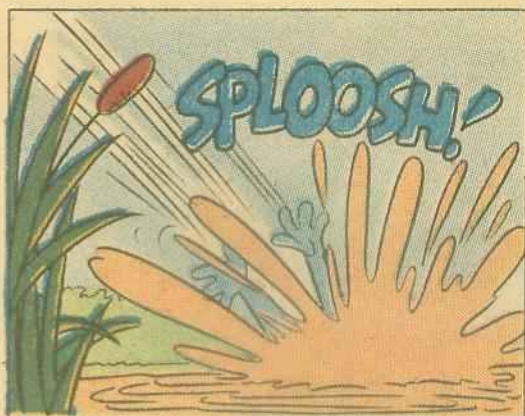
WELL, SHAKE MY
SEISMOGRAPH!
IT'S NOT GRASS
'GROWING! IT'S
AN EARTH-TYPE
QUAKE!

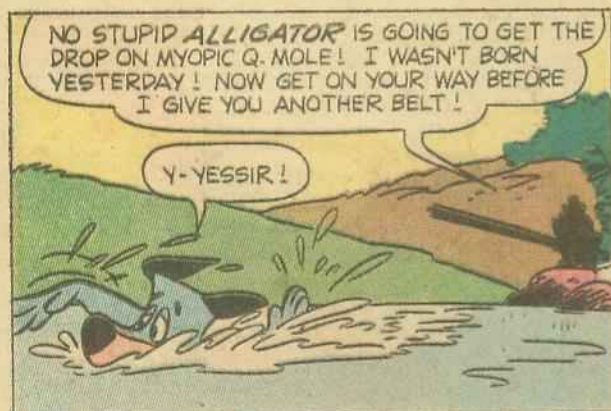
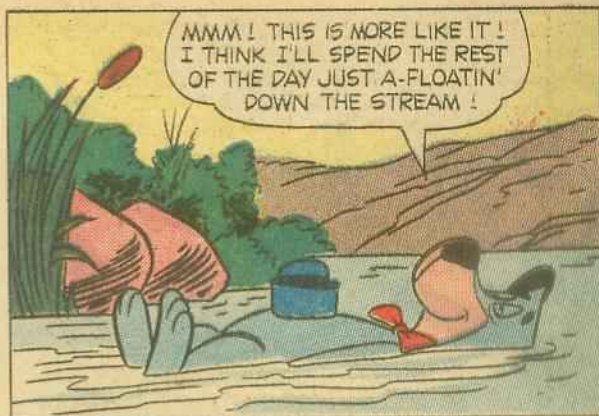
HMM! DOG MY CATS! IT
WASN'T AN EARTH-TYPE
QUAKE AT ALL! IT'S A
MOLE!















DELL
COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND The JUMPER

